



THE WIDOW.

A widow is a dangerous thing,
With soft, black shining curls,
And looketh more bewitching
Than a host of romping girls;
Her laugh is so delicious
So knowing, clear beside,
You'd never dream her thinking
Soon to become a bride.

Her dress, though made of sables,
Gives roqu岸ness to her form—
A touch of something thoughtful,
A witching, winning charm;
And when she sits down by you,
With quiet, clear beside,
A tear may fall unbidden,
Or a smile light up her face.

Her voice is soft—melodious—
And like like in its tone,
She sometimes sighs, "Tis dreadful
To pass through life alone;
And then she'll tell you, you remind her
Of the loved one dead and gone,
Your steps, your form, your features,
Thus the widow will run on.

O! listen, yet be careful,
For well she plays her part,
Her lips dwell the nearer
That doth ensnare the heart;
Be guarded, and win you,
With smiles, and smiles, and tears;
For faith she'll wear the breeches, too,
And box your silly ears.

ENIGMA.

I have no beauty, yet I see,
The mightiest monarchs sigh for me.
I have no wit, yet smiles I gain,
No brilliant talents could obtain.
And know that those who have me not,
Can nothing relish they have got.

The Prophet Dog.

The delightful pages of Froissart have made us acquainted with the heroes who figured in that war of Brittany which followed the death of John III. They tell us of John de Montfort and his courageous wife, of Manny and Oliver de Clisson; but the legend mentions an humble agent in the events which desolated one of the fairest provinces of France.

Many years previous to his death, ere he became so infirm as to have recourse to a litter, Duke John III was riding through the streets of Nantes one evening, as was his custom, when, in the square of St. Peter's church, he was suddenly stopped by a crowd of persons, who, with loud cries, were rushing towards the streets leading towards the river. In the midst, some men were furiously dragging along a poor old woman, tied hand and foot, the mob screaming, "To the river! to the river with the witch!" The poor woman, in a state of exhaustion, could offer no resistance, and used her little remaining strength to hold tightly in her right hand the leash of a little white greyhound, which seemed, by his piteous howling, to beg mercy for his mistress. Touched with pity and indignation, the duke ordered his archers to make way through the crowd, and amid shouts of "the duke's room for the duke!" rode up to the ruffians. The cry brought hope to the poor woman, and at the same moment terror to her persecutors, who, finding themselves in the grasp of the soldiers, suffered their burden to fall to the ground.

"Pardon and mercy, my lord!" she cried, crawling to the feet of the duke's horse.

The duke immediately ordered her to be unbound, and asked her by what crime she had incurred the anger of the crowd around.

"They consulted me as to future events," she replied; "and when I told them what I foresaw, they threatened to throw me into the river, because my prediction was not a happy one."

Then being desired to repeat what she had foretold:

"Yes, my lord," she replied, proudly, "I will repeat it to you, sad as it is; and you ought to punish me still more severely than your subjects would have done. Ere many years shall have passed, a dreadful war will be kindled in your beautiful Brittany. Leopards will come from the north, who after having defended the ermines, will devour them, and will even ravage the field of lilies where the royal flock of France are pastured. Brother will kill brother under the same standard, and the flower of your nobility will be cut off at the root."

As she concluded this terrible prophecy, all turned to the duke, expecting her immediate arrest. But he seemed more grieved than offended; and having by a signal sent her persecutors away, he stooped down to the witch, saying, in a gentle tone:

"Heaven grant you may be mistaken, and that my subjects may be saved from the evils you threaten, as I deliver you from the fury of these people!"

"You have saved the witch, my lord; this is all that she possesses; take it! Hitherto straw has been his bed; but when he shall once have reposed upon the ermined couch, he shall sleep no other, and will acknowledge no one but a Duke of Brittany for his master. Forget not to desire your successor to cherish the prophet dog."

Without saying a word, the duke took the leash from the hand of the old woman, and returned pensive to the castle, followed with willingness by the dog, who not once turned back to look at his old mistress. From this time he was constantly with the duke, or with

Jane de Penhievre, his niece, who wished to make his successor.

Years passed away. John III became infirm, and sought for his niece a husband capable of supporting her claims against John de Montfort. Three princes contended for Jane's hand—Charles of Blois, nephew to Philip of France; Charles d'Evreux, son to the King of Navarre; and John, Duke of Cornwall, brother to Edward III of England.—The duke was secretly inclined towards the first mentioned prince, but he was a superstitious ruler of a superstitious country, and age had impaired the mental courage which was required to meet the difficulties which surrounded him. The mysterious dog was his oracle and adviser—his fate! and to him did John III resort for counsel in his present difficulty. But in vain did he place the sacred manuscript of the Bible before the animal, in order that the latter might, by pointing to an initial letter, intimate to which of the princes the crown of Brittany was to be offered; in vain were other schemes tried to obtain the desired advice. The hour of decision had arrived, and the duke was still undetermined.

Seated on his throne in the great hall of the Tour de la Loire, John III gave audience to three ambassadors, on behalf of the three princes, in presence of the nobles of his duchy. Of them he demanded assistance and advice in choosing the husband of his beloved niece, and he called upon each ambassador to speak for his master—the Earl of Salisbury for John of England; Louis of Navarre for Charles d'Evreux; and the Count of Alencon for his nephew, Charles of Blois, only one of the suitors who was there in person. The duke listened to each with attention. The pretensions of the King of England to the throne of France alarmed him, while the refusal of the Prince of Navarre to take the arms of Brittany angered him; but it required a wiser head than that of the good duke to decide upon the contradictory advice given by his own counsellors. Fatigued in mind and body, he was about to adjourn the decision to a future day, when Charles de Blois arose to speak. After some observations upon what had passed, he suggested that, among the reasons given in favor of each candidate, the principal one had been overlooked—the wish of Jane de Penhievre herself.

"Ought not the consent of the countess," he said, "to be the chief recommendation with her suitors? And, as the matter seems undecided, may not she, whose life-long happiness is thus at stake, be allowed to say one at word?"

An ironical smile was on every countenance, and Charles sat down in confusion and despair. At that moment, from behind a tapestry hanging, the favorite greyhound bounded into the hall and ran to his master. This was no unusual event, and the assembly were not surprised; but John III, who was listening to the arguments of his nobles in favor of John Plantagenet, arose abruptly, made an emphatic gesture of silence, and, placing upon the arms of his throne, followed by the movements of the prophet dog with eager reverence. All was silent: the greyhound approached slowly to the ambassadors, scrutinizing each with an air of disappointment, shook his tail joyfully as he passed the Count of Alencon, then, after looking at Charles de Blois for a moment, he jumped upon his knees, and placing his fore-paws upon the shoulders of the prince, began caressing and licking him, to the astonishment of the assembly. The duke receiving this as the declaration of fate, immediately arose, and holding out his hand to the count, said:

"Charles de Chatillon, Count de Blois, I choose you, in the face of God and man, as husband to my niece, Jane de Penhievre, heiress presumptive to the duchy of Brittany. Come and embrace your uncle."

Charles threw himself into the old man's arms, a suppressed exclamation of delight was heard from behind the tapestry, and the assembly separated in silence.

This exclamation—whose was it? It is said that the young princess had met Charles de Blois at the French court; that a mutual affection was the consequence; that Charles had become acquainted with the prophet dog in Jane's apartment on the day preceding, when he confessed his love, and received hers in return; and that, at his audience, so important to her happiness, she had seated herself behind the tapestry, with her beloved greyhound by her side; that, in her agitation at the scorn with which her lover's appeal to her was heard, she had let the dog escape from her hold and enter the hall; that Charles de Blois, in the moment of despair, saw the dog, made a secret sign of recognition, and thus won his bride, and the right to fight for the crown of Brittany.

What is Dirt.

Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt?—Why nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt," you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, it is no longer dirty. Everything you

call dirt, is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and makes a very sweet young lady that I saw of you kissing last night. So after all you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whips her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. 'Pearl powder,' I think is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

A few thoughts for Young Men.

In regard to the indulgence of appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism; and the young man who is true to his highest interests, must create a civilization for himself. The British part of our nature governs the spiritual. Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of mind and heart are Hungarian captives. Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of any epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose price cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyments. Their purveyor and market man brings them home head-aches and indigestion, and neuralgia, by the hamper full. Their butler bottles up stone, and gout, and the liver complaint, falsely labelling them sherry, or madeira, or port, and the stuffiest master have not wit enough to see through the cheat. The mass of society lay with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating, suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night, as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; but there is many a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this; who allows a more resting time than he does his watch; who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no vacation in any sense. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart load of stones should be thrown upon the body. Yet, when gentlemen, or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle soup or lobster salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church, and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offence which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross roads. Is it not humiliating and amazing that men, invited by the exalted pleasures of the intellect, and the sacred affections of the heart, to come to a banner worthy of the gods, halt by the wayside to feed on garbage or drink of the Circean cup that transforms them to swine?—*Horace Mann.*

AGRICULTURAL.



Importance of Agriculture.

How many are they who never employ one moment of serious reflection upon the deep and momentous subject of agriculture; nor upon its high and commanding importance to the nation—the country which they claim with so much exultant pride as their birthplace—their national mother and home!—And how many, again, regard it for a moment, as it incidentally intrudes itself upon their minds, through the involuntary and uncontrollable medium of the senses, as the pursuit of the low and vulgar, as the destined and merited lot of the plebeian, and immeasurably unworthy the mental, much more the physical, attention of the (would be) patricians! How thoughtless! How indicative of a corrupt age! How strongly it marks the depth of its penetration! How evidential of that shallowness of mind and weakness of judgment which is far more universal and intense than the enlightenment and general wisdom of the age and country would indicate! How few think and feel with the great Sully, that it is the very breath from which we draw our food, our nourishment—our life! How few think it to be the ultimate source of all earthly wealth! How little thinks the city belle, rolling in luxury and ease, almost seemingly incompatible with human existence, that the silken tissues and satin robes that array her form in gorgeous imagery, and the rich and superabundant delicacies that oppress her table, are the products of the soil, drawn thence by the sweat and toil of the agriculturist!—How little thinks the manufacturer that the countless number of his looms, spindles, wheels, &c., that move in his gigantic manufactory, by the mighty arm of steam, are consequent upon the culture of the soil for their movement, and power of enriching his pockets by but their action! How little thinks the Doctor that but for the tillage of the land, his know-

edge of medicine, of surgery, of therapeutics, obstetrics, &c., would be unavailable in producing the slightest morsel of food for his sustenance! How little dreams the world in general, in its grasp after wealth and power, happiness and show, that the parent source of all is—agriculture!

And this unpardonable inattention and indifference to the pursuit of agriculture, furnish an adequate cause for the wretched system of culture which generally (not universally) prevails throughout the country, and for the low and depressed condition of him who cultivates the soil. If an individual is possessed of a piece of property from which he derives peculiar advantages, he must exercise his judgment in its judicious management and disposal, or it will decrease in its power of producing, and finally be entirely deprived of such faculty. If a regard for the importance of its benefits does not excite in him sufficient interest to yield it his attention and support, it evidently will decrease in value, and ultimately become worthless.

Now the soil of the country is the property of the nation, and it is her only real property; for it is sufficiently obvious that all sources of increase and wealth are only so many branches of agriculture, which are fed and kept in operation by it. Agriculture being, then, the wealth of the people, and the source of their "daily bread," if it is indifferent to its benefits, and so far regardless of its progress and improvement, as to withhold from it their attention and support, it must decrease in importance, and its followers become (as they too generally are at present) neither adequately rewarded nor respected. And such, I repeat, (for it needs repetition) is lamentably the fact; it stares the reflecting and the true patriot broadly in the face. We do not attach to agriculture that importance, and bestow upon it that attention which the welfare, the duration, happiness and independence of our country so sternly demand. While every other question, of national policy has been, and is being, discussed throughout the length and breadth of the land, agriculture has been treated with comparative indifference. Its consideration has been held as wholly insignificant, when compared with that of political economy or national governments. While meetings are daily held for the discussion of every trifling principle, every premature production of designing politicians, agriculture, more important than all, has received comparative inattention! If any corruption works its way into the action of government, it is immediately seen and remedied, as destructive of our best interests. If the cry of rebellion, or of foreign war is heard, it rings far and wide, and every one is solicitous for the national welfare; and yet millions of our acres, once proverbial for their fertility, that now lie as "old fields" in vast and extensive tracts, awaken no emotion—produce no remedy!

It shall be the object of my next paper to show that the decreasing fertility of our soil is more alarming than if a Cataline were in our midst, raising the standard of rebellion, without even a Cicero to cry out in tones of thunder,—"Quousque tandem abutere," &c.

J. E. S.

From the Dollar Newspaper. Barn-Yard Manure.

It is known to every experienced farmer, that whoever pursues the plan of constant cropping without manuring, will as certainly exhaust the fertility of his land, as that man will empty his purse who continues to remove the coin therefrom without replacing any. I knew a man living in a community of good farmers, who, by way of saving labor, hauled his manure into his fields, leaving it in heaps, and when it was sufficiently dry, burnt it and spread the ashes. He very soon "farmed out."—A certain extensive district in Virginia once produced excellent crops of tobacco and grain but the farmers (I) thinking men crazy who used manure, they burnt their straw as the most economical method disposing of it. The land of that same district is now, in common phrase of that country, "so poor that it will not sprout black-eyed peas."

Every farmer should have a permanent threshing floor, (better a good "Dutch barn") with a manure yard in front, and so secured by a wall as to prevent the escape of juice, and without any low place where much water will collect and remain, as that would prevent rotting. When the small grain is threshed the straw should be thrown into the yard (or stacked in it) where there should be kept as many cattle as the "roughness" of the farm will winter. All the corn raised should, when about half the leaves are turned yellow, be cut off at the roots and nicely shocked, each shock containing fifty or sixty hills, and secured by tying a band half way between the ears and tops—this will generally prevent them from falling. When the corn is husked, or shocked,—the husks, or shucks, being left fast to the stalk—the stalks should be tied into bundles, each with a double band of rye straw, (broom corn will do,) and set up in shocks till done husking. Then they should be hauled to the barn and stored in the dry, or stacked in long stacks like wheat. In feeding the bundles should be pulled from the end of the stack, which is easily done when the

stack is once broken. Fodder kept in this way rarely spoils from wet. An acre of good corn will yield two hundred such bundles, of which one and a half or two per day, will keep a steer in good order during winter.—The quantity of excellent manure that may be made in this way is immense.

With regard to the time of putting manure on land, I would say that after harvest is beat, as it is then better rotted. If put on before harvest, it should either be left in heaps or turned under immediately. In no case should manure be allowed to lie spread on the top of the ground. The same amount of materials, well rotted and turned under directly after spreading, will produce 50 per cent. more wheat than when imperfectly rotted, and left spread on the top of the ground for two months.

ARGICOLA.

Warren County, N. J., 1850.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

There are denominations frequently met in reports of markets, but their English value not always readily recollected. The following table will be found, we believe, correct:

Ahm in Rotterdam	nearly gals 40
Almude in Portugal	contains gals 4 3/4
Almude in Madeira	do 4 5/8
Alquiere in Madeira	over 12 pecks to nearly 2
Alquiere in Bahia	do 1 1/2
Alquiere in Maranhao	do 1 1/2
Alquiere in Rio Janeiro and Pernam	do 1 to 1 1/2
Anna of rice in Ceylon	lbs 260 2/5
Arroba in Portugal	lbs 32
Arroba in Spain (large)	gals 4 2/4
Arroba in Spain (small)	do 3 3/4
Arroba in Malaga of wine	about 44
Arshen in Russia	inches 28
Bahar in Bahia	pecks 3 to 4
Bale of Cinnamon in Ceylon, net	lbs 114 1/2
Bart in Naples	(quads) about gals 11
Centar, the Levant, contains 44 oaks	lbs 118 1/2
Centar in Leghorn of oil	lbs 88
Centar in Malta	do 174 1/2
Centar in Naples	lbs 106 to 136 1/2
Centar in Sicily	do 175 to 192 1/2
Carro in Naples	is equal to about bush 50
Catta of tea in China	is about lbs 14
Cayang in Batavia	do 350 1/2
Cawent in Batavia	do 350 1/2
Fanga in Spain	nearly bush 6
Illepolite in France	bush 1,539
Kilogramme in France or Netherlands	lbs 2 1/4
Last in Amsterdam of grain	bush 83 1/2
Last in Bremen of grain	over 80 1/2
Last in Cadix of oil	do 73 1/2
Last in Danzig of grain	nearly 93
Last in Flushing of grain	do 92 1/2
Last in Hamburg of grain	do 90 1/2
Last in London of grain	do 70 1/2
Last in Portugal of salt	do 70 1/2
Last in Rotterdam of grain	do 85 1/2
Last in Sweden	do 75
Last in Utrecht of grain	over 59
Last in London of grain	lbs 16 1/2
Last in Holland	do 18 1/2
Mark in Calcutta	do 9
Mina in Gona of grain	lbs 75 to 84
Moy in Lisbon	bush 3 1/2
Moy in Oporto	do 30
Moy of Portugal	contains over bush 33
Oke in Smyrna	lbs 243
Ora in Trieste of wine	gals 14 1/4
Ora of oil	do 17
Palm in Naples	is a little over inches 10
Pecul in Batavia and Madras	lbs 13 1/4
Pecul in China and Japan	do 35 1/2
Pipe in Spain of wine	gals 160 to 164
Pood in Russia	equal to 36 lbs 2 oz nearly
Quintal in Portugal	lbs 89 1/2
Quintal in Smyrna	do 129 1/2
Quintal in Spain	do 96
Quintal in Turkey	do 167 1/2
Rotol in Portugal	do 12 1/2
Rotol in Leghorn	do 3
Rotol in Sicily	do 3
Schell in Germany varies from 12 to nearly bush 3	from bush 7 1/2 to 9 1/2
Shim-poon in Hamburg and Denmark	lbs 331
Shim-poon in Holland	lbs 363 1/2
Staro in Trieste	bush 2 1/2
Tan in China	do 14
Vare in Rio Janeiro	11 lbs nearly
Vara in Spain	100 are equal to yds 220
Verat in Russia	feet 3500

LEGAL RATES OF INTEREST

IN THE DIFFERENT STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Maine 6 per cent; forfeit of the claim.

New Hampshire 6 per cent; forfeit of three the amount unlawfully taken.

Massachusetts 6 per cent; recovery in action and costs.

Montgomery 6 per cent; forfeit of three the amount unlawfully taken.

Rhode Island 6 per cent; forfeit of the usury and interest on the debt.

Connecticut 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

New York 7 per cent; usurious contracts void.

New Jersey 7 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Pennsylvania 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Delaware 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Maryland 6 per cent; on tobacco contracts 8, usurious contracts void.

Virginia 6 per cent; forfeit double the usury.

North Carolina 6 per cent; contracts for usury void; forfeit double the usury.

South Carolina 7 per cent; forfeit of interest and premium taken, with costs.

Georgia 8 per cent; forfeit three the usury.

Alabama 8 per cent; forfeit interest and usury.

Mississippi 8 per cent; by contract 10; usury recoverable in action of debt.

Louisiana 5 per cent; bank interest 6; contract 8, by contract, interest void.

Tennessee 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Kentucky 6 per cent; usury recoverable with costs.

Ohio 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Indiana 6 per cent; a fine of double the excess.

Illinois 6 per cent; by contract 12, beyond forfeit three the interest.

Missouri 6 per cent; by contract 10, if beyond, forfeit of interest and usury.

Michigan 7 per cent; forfeit of usury 1/4 of debt.

Arkansas 6 per cent; by agreement 10; usury recoverable, but contract void.

District Columbia 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Florida 8 per cent; forfeit interest and excess.

Wisconsin 7 per cent; by contract 12; forfeit three the excess.

Iowa 7 per cent; by agreement 12; forfeit three the excess.

On debt or judgments in favor of the United States interest is computed at 6 per cent per annum.

RATES OF GOLD.

United States Eagle, old emission	\$10 66
" " new do	10 00
England, Guinea	5 07
" Sovereign	4 54
" Seven Shilling piece	1 69
France, Double Louis, before 1785	9 69
" " " " " "	4 64
" Double Louis, since 1786	9 15
" " " " " "	4 57
" Double Napoleon, or 40 francs	7 70
" " " " " "	4 65
" same as new Louis Guinea	4 65
Frankfort on the Main Ducat	2 27
Hamburg	2 27
Malta Double Louis	9 27
" " " " " "	4 85
" " " " " "	2 33
Mexican Double Louis	15 35
Holland, Double Rix Dollar	12 20
" " " " " "	6 04
" " " " " "	2 27
" " " " " "	4 00
Portugal, Dobron	32 70
" " " " " "	17 30
" " " " " "	17 06

CAROLINA INN,



CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE above establishment, situated on Main Street, third lot North of the Public Square, in the town of Charlotte, has been constantly kept open by the present Proprietor, from the 1st of January, 1840 to the present time, for the accommodation of the Public, and will continue to be kept open for the same purpose.

The Establishment has been enlarged and improved to a very considerable extent within the last two years—the entire building is in complete repair and is so constructed that all the rooms have abundant light and can be ventilated at pleasure.

The Stables are not inferior to any belonging to any similar Establishment in Western North Carolina; and care will be taken that they shall always be supplied with abundance of good grass and provender; and attended by faithful and experienced Hostlers.

The Subscriber will use every exertion to give satisfaction to all who may patronize his House, and he takes this opportunity to return his cordial respects to a generous Public for past favors and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and confidence.

DROVERS can, at all times, be supplied with convenient and well enclosed lots, free of charge, and furnished with grain at low prices.

The Charlotte and Camden Stages arrive and depart tri weekly.

JENNINGS B. KERR.



AMERICAN HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND GEORGE STREETS,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IN addition to the late improvements to the establishment, the new rooms have been added by the present Proprietor, for the better accommodation of his friends. It will compare favorably with any similar establishment, either in point of architectural beauty or its accommodations, in the Southern country. The American is conveniently situated in respect to the Railroad and Steamboat landing, being equidistant from both. The Proprietor pledges himself to every exertion to give satisfaction.

Oct. 19, 1843.

F. A. HORE.

DR. KUHLE'S

Abyssinia Mixture,

For Catarrhs, Influenza, Croup, Piles, &c.

Vel, Genorhiza, Gleet, Fluor Albus, &c.

Whitew, Gonorrhea, Obstructions, &c.

Gold Hill, N. C., Aug. 1, 1843.

Dr. J. Kuhl—Dear Sir:—You will please forward to us as soon as convenient, a fresh supply of the Restorer of the Blood and the Abyssinia Mixture, we have sold out some time. The Restorer and the Depurative Powder, have proved to be very efficacious in the treatment of the chest, Rheumatism, Sore Legs, inflammation of the Eyes, Debility, and other chronic diseases. We warrant the Abyssinia Mixture to every part, and no one has asked for the money returned, but on the contrary, one has praised its great salutary powers.

We remain yours, respectfully,

A. & D. W. HONEYCUTT.

Covington, N. C., July 22, 1843.

Dr. Kuhl—Dear Sir:—

We have sold out all of your Abyssinia Mixture, it has given entire satisfaction to all those who have used it. We have warranted the Abyssinia Mixture in all cases on our own account; and can say, it has never failed. We have daily called for more of the Abyssinia Mixture, and you please send us as soon as possible such a supply which will answer the great demand.

Very respectfully yours,

PHILIP F. YORKE.

Letter from Major David McDougall, Co. Creek Post Office.

MOORE CUREY, N. C., Dec. 25, 1843.

Dr. J. Kuhl—Dear Sir:—A lady in this county, afflicted with a nervous complaint, Protrusion Uteri, Fluor Albus, &c., somewhat deranged mind, caused by obstruction was for about twelve months attended by several eminent physicians, without any effect. Every one successively declared her incurable; that she had to die. She then procured two bottles of your Abyssinia Mixture from me, and cured her entirely. She has since married, and is in perfect good health and happy. The Abyssinia Mixture has likewise proved very efficacious in many other diseases, but particularly in nervous diseases, in which it should have the preference of all others.

Yours obediently,

DUGALD MCDUGALL.

Price for the Abyssinia Mixture per bottle, 25 cents, \$1.25 & \$2.50.

Likewise on hand and for sale, Dr. Kuhl's Restorer, Universal Plaster, Genorhiza Balsam, &c.

T. J. HOLTON, Agent.

Charlotte, N. C.